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For the Journal. My Early Home. BY STELLIE.

Home of my childhood! A thousand recollections spring up, and every heartstring vibrates at the sound of those words. They exert a magical power over me which I cannot shake off—nay, if I could, I would not break the spell which is thus thrown around me. That sacred spot is graven deeply—alas! too deeply upon the tablet of memory ever to be effaced by the intervention of miles, or the flight of time. No! it cannot be forgotten. The little hill where stood my father's cottage, and the pretty lawn in front, where I have played away so many hours of childish innocence, are all before me now, as fair and lovely as they were the morning we resigned that dear old home to a stranger's care, and with tearful eyes left it forever. Those stately maples which cast their shadows over our roof, were planted by my father's hand and grew up with me, and often after a fruitless chase to catch a golden-winged butterfly, or a vain attempt to fether some one of the feathered songsters whose mellow notes had charmed my young heart, or whose variegated robe had fascinated my eye, and made me wish for a nearer view; when heated by such exercise, I have thrown myself upon the grass beneath them and in their shadows found refreshment and repose. There was the chestnut grove where I have gone day after day in autumn, and watched and wished for the first hoar frost to interpose and put me in possession of the luscious nuts.

Just below the house was the little brook, in whose clear waters I have gazed hours, watching the graceful evolutions of the finny tribe, as they gambled in their instinctive joy. Just beyond the brook was the orchard, where in the golden autumn I have gathered and eaten as delicious fruits as ever regaled the palate. There too was the green grassy woodland where day after day, I wandered in quest of the wild flowers, and when wearied with roaming, or satisfied with my treasure, I would sit me down under a wide-spreading oak, and twine wreaths or bind bouquets, which were thrown aside at the first appearance of decay, and their places supplied with fresh ones. Beside all these was the garden, where, with my own hand I planted the choicest shrubs and flowers. There were violets and daffodils, the first-born of spring, and following in their train the host of the floral tribe, to fascinate the eye, gladden the heart, and smile away the long bright days of summer. Just by the house stood the well, and in it the "moss-covered bucket" once hung, but it was long since exchanged for the more convenient pump. Oh, how often have I drank of its cool waters and been refreshed! And last, though not least, was the old school-house, those venerable walls, inside of which my infant lips were taught to lisp my A B C. I see them all at a glance, and the picture is a vivid one, and at the sight, thoughts come crowding through my brain, thoughts which my pen may not express. Those wide-spreading maples have fallen beneath the axe-man's stroke; the returning spring will bring again those flowers from their wintry bed, but another shall gather them; the next autumn will bring a plentiful supply of golden fruits, but others shall pluck and eat them, and strangers shall traverse those familiar halls. I may dream of them and love them still, but they are mine no more. Tears—bitter tears, are all that are left me, for when I would recall them, echo answers, "No, never!"

Sunny Hill, Wood co., O.

There is to be a Baby Convention at Springfield, Clark county, Ohio, on the 5th of October. A committee of seven have charge of the arrangements, which will be unexceptionable. Silver plate to the value of \$500 will be awarded to the three most promising children, not exceeding one, two, and three years of age.

Later from Santa Fe.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 11.—The mail train from Santa Fe has arrived at Independence. But few emigrants were met on the plains. Between the frontier and Fort Laramie, the drought prevailed to an alarming extent.

The Indian tribes seemed peaceable, and no apprehension was entertained by the whites, but there was some ill feeling existing between themselves, and preparations of a hostile character were on foot between the Sioux, Paconas, and Camanches, and serious trouble was anticipated.

F. St. Aubrey was killed in a row by Major Weightman, at Santa Fe. Aubrey had just made a trip from San Francisco to Santa Fe, in the short space of twenty-two days. No particulars are given.

Information of an authentic nature having reached St. Louis, that about the middle of August the Sioux Indians killed an ox belonging to an emigrant, near Fort Laramie, a message was sent to the fort, requesting that a force be sent to bring the offender to justice, and Lieutenant Gratton and twenty men of the Sixth infantry were detached for this service, and they were waylaid and killed, not one remained to tell how, but the deed was done on the 18th August. It is also stated that when the express left Fort Laramie, the fort was surrounded by the Indians, and there are reasons to fear it was destroyed. The garrison numbered one commissioned officer and fifty men. It is stated that, after the battle, the Indians went to the American Fur Company's station, and carried off goods to the amount of \$15,000.

SOME ACCOUNT OF F. X. AUBREY.—This Maj. Weightman was, two years ago, the delegate to Congress from New Mexico, and was an officer in the army during the Mexican war. The cause of the quarrel that led to Aubrey's death is not yet known. He was one of the most daring and enthusiastic travelers of the present age. The following slight sketch of his career is taken from the St. Louis Republican:

In 1848, Mr. Aubrey was introduced to our readers, as having performed the most remarkable travelling feat upon record. Before that time he was known to us as a merchant of great enterprise, connected with the Santa Fe trade, going to and fro with great promptness and success; but it was not until 1848 that he performed the journey between Santa Fe and Independence which gave to him his fame for perseverance and personal endurance. On the 12th of September of that year, he left Santa Fe with the intention of making a quick trip to the States, and he certainly accomplished it. He made the entire journey, of eight hundred miles, in five days and fifteen hours. If the travelling time only be counted, the exact time was four days and a half! During this time he slept two hours only, and ate six meals. He broke down six horses, walked twenty miles on foot, and he had to swim creeks and endure the rain for twenty-four hours, and travel nearly six hundred miles of the distance in the mud. By the aid of a steamboat, which he found at Independence landing, he made the whole distance from Santa Fe to St. Louis in a little over ten days—1200 miles. No one accompanied him over the prairies, and a portion of the land trip was at the rate of one hundred and ninety miles to the twenty-four hours. This journey earned for Mr. Aubrey the soubriquet of the "Skimmer of the Plains," and he has worn it ever since; and the passion seems to have been innate, for we find it announced by the telegraph that he had undertaken, for a wager, to make the distance between San Francisco and Santa Fe in twenty-two days. Supposing him to have performed it, then, taking his trip in 1848 from Santa Fe, he may be said to have traveled from San Francisco to St. Louis in thirty-two days.

For a series of years, Mr. Aubrey was engaged in extensive mercantile transactions between Missouri and New Mexico—some-

times extending his trade to Chihuahua—and again returning to Missouri by the southern route, through Texas and New Orleans. His outfits of goods were almost always obtained here, and he was generally successful in disposing of them.

To a man of so much enterprise, to conceive of an expedition from New Mexico to California was to execute it. He accordingly in 1852, we think, resolved upon an expedition to that State, and took with him several thousand head of sheep. By his good management he lost very few, if any of them, and his enterprise was said, at the time, to have rewarded him with a profit of \$70,000. Mr. Aubrey's spirit of adventure, while it led him to shape journeys for his personal benefit, always had something of public interest connected with it. Thus, on one of his expeditions between Independence and Santa Fe, he departed from the road usually travelled, in search of a better one, and so nice was his discrimination and observation in this respect, that it was afterwards passed over by a topographical engineer, and pronounced to be decidedly the best route between the two points. And so, when returning from California to New Mexico, he determined, upon the strength of his own judgment, to take a new route, and ascertain, if possible, the practicability of a route for a railroad to the Rio Grande. Fitting out an expedition at his own expense, he conducted it from California to Albuquerque, determining in his own mind the entire practicability of the route to that point. His journal, which we published at the time, was full of interest and adventure. Of hard fights with the Indians, and imminent perils and sufferings during his passage through a country then and now so little known, he furnished many thrilling sketches.

Last year, Mr. Aubrey again went to California, from New Mexico, on a business adventure; and having accomplished his object, he started on his return to Santa Fe. His company consisted of a dozen or more persons, most of them natives of New Mexico, but we do not recollect any special reference, in the California papers, to the time in which he was to perform the journey. The wager was probably made afterwards. If executed within the time, it goes far to prove that a railroad to California can be built on the route which he travelled.

Mr. Aubrey was a Canadian by birth—not over, we should judge, forty years of age—and in person not weighing over 145 pounds. He was quick in all his motions—intelligent and sagacious—and his success in overcoming difficulties of every nature, proves how completely he had adapted himself to the life which he loved so well.

F. X. AUBREY.—The account which we published yesterday of Mr. Aubrey's death, contained no intimation of the circumstances which led to his fatal rencontre with Major Weightman. We have information, however, which throws additional light upon this unfortunate affair, and may lead to a correct surmise as to its origin. A gentleman in this city, an intimate acquaintance of Aubrey's, received a letter from him, but a little more than a week ago, dated from the Sierra Nevada, in which he complained that Major Weightman had attacked and severely abused him through a newspaper in Santa Fe, on account of his partiality for a central route for the Pacific Railroad.—Weightman is understood to be in favor of an extreme Southern route, and can ill tolerate views in opposition to his own. Aubrey was active in exploring and establishing a route leading to St. Louis, for he had been reared here, and felt a patriotic interest in the prosperity of the city which he called his home. His untiring energy, great activity, reputation for integrity, and successful explorations, rendered him a formidable opponent, and hence the fierce assault upon him through the press. Mr. Aubrey, though of a peaceable disposition, was a man who

could not rest quietly under unjust imputations, and it is therefore probable that he sought redress from Major Weightman upon his arrival in Santa Fe. Being naturally impetuous under a sense of wounded honor, his language or conduct may have given rise to the quarrel in which he was stabbed to death by his cooler adversary.—[St. Louis Democrat.]

A DUEL BETWEEN TWO CINCINNATIANS.—ONE OF THE PARTY SHOT.—We were yesterday informed by one of the agents of the stage company, of the particulars of a duel which took place on Monday last, in a field on Mr. Brenson's farm, a few miles from Alexandria, Kentucky, and within a half a mile of the turnpike, between two gentlemen of this city. Sometime since, Mr. Henry Short, Jr., a clerk on Fifth street, became attached to a beautiful young lady, residing on Eighth street, and to whom he soon engaged himself for marriage. Mr. S., about a month ago, went to Philadelphia on a visit to his parents, who reside on Chestnut street in that city. During his absence he received a letter from a fellow clerk that his betrothed lady love was keeping the company of a young "limb of the law," named Alexander Peacock, now a resident of Chicago, but a native of this city. The letter gave Mr. S. reason to believe that Peacock and his lady love were engaged.—Mr. S. returned home on Wednesday evening last, and found that all had not been told him,—that P. had slandered him, and defamed his character to the young lady, and thus won her affections. Determined to have an explanation, he wrote to Peacock and the lady, and demanded the same. They both treated him coldly, and requested Mr. S. not to annoy them with his communications—the young lady at the same time returning her engagement ring. This so enraged Mr. S. that he sent a challenge to Mr. P. which was accepted, and rifles were chosen as the weapons. Seconds were appointed who fixed the place of meeting and time as above stated. No persons were present except two friends of each party, and their seconds. At the first fire no injury was sustained by either of the duellists. An effort was then made to reconcile the difficulty, but neither party would listen to any compromise, and the parties were ordered to their post for the second fire. The word was given, and Mr. S. fell bleeding to the ground, the ball having taken effect in his left shoulder. He was then picked up and taken to Mr. Brenson's, the farmer's house, and his wound was dressed. He is considered in a critical condition. It is now understood that when the young lady learned what had happened, she refused to have anything to do with either of the parties, and has resolved to break off all engagements with each of the gentlemen. It is therefore evident that in this case the old adage of "faint heart never won a fair lady," has been reversed.—[Cin. Gaz.]

The Ogdensburg Sentinel tells a story of a subscriber who stopped his paper because it contained too many advertisements, and shortly after had his farm advertised and sold for non-payment of taxes, before he knew it. He succeeded in redeeming his property, at a considerable cost, and then concluded to renew his subscription to the Sentinel, which was the only paper that had the news.

Judge Pollock, the Anti-Nebraska candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, addressed an immense assemblage at Pittsburgh, on Tuesday of this week. He will canvass the State till election, and after that time he will be Governor of Pennsylvania for two years. This is fast becoming a fixed fact.

Hon. Joshua R. Giddings addressed the people of Chicago, on Monday evening; the same time that Douglas did not hold forth. There was a large meeting, and no disturbance.